

TO MEN WHO ARE WEAK!



This is a message to men. It is to men who want to feel like men, to look like men and act like men. This is to men who lack courage, whose nerves are shaken, whose brains are muddled, ideas confused, sleep restless, confidence gone, spirits low and easily depressed, who are backward, hesitating, unable to venture because they are afraid of failure, who want somebody to decide for them, who are weak, puny, restless. It is to men who have part or all of these symptoms and want new life, new force, new vigor. I offer it to you in my wonderful

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Dr. M. G. McLaughlin, 906 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

WHAT SMALL FARMERS MAY EXPECT ON THE BIG ISLAND

(Staff Correspondence.)

KILAUEA, Hawaii, Feb. 10.—Celery and cauliflower are the hope of the small farmer in Hawaii, according to Peter Lee, one of the original small farmers of Hawaii. Mr. Lee believes that the small farmer in the Islands must devote himself to some product which will bring high prices in the market, and in the cultivation of which he will not meet the competition of the Orientals. The cut worm is one of the pests which the agriculturist in this part of the country also has to combat, but Peter Lee believes that it can be killed off by cultivation. Olona fiber is also a product which may be successful here.

"Anything can be grown in the virgin soil in this part of the Islands," said Mr. Lee yesterday, "but it is not so certain that there will be any profit in it. I have experimented with every variety of fruit and vegetable and everything grows luxuriantly and well. We are troubled here with the ground worm—the cut worm, which is sometimes very discouraging. Yes, chickens thrive on the cut worm, and if we could raise enough chickens to keep down the cut worms we might eventually get rid of the pest. But the mongoose destroys our hen houses; the chickens eat the cut worm, and the cut worm eats the crops. But I believe the cut worm can be kept down by cultivation. I have been able to do it by keeping it at. We tried paring and one scheme was to spread cabbage leaves on the ground and the worms would hide under them. The next morning we scooped up the worms with a shovel. By constant cultivation I believe that you can get rid of the pest, but the difficulty is that while this might be done with an acre or two, yet with a large farm this would be impossible.

"The difficulty with raising most products is the lack of a market, and the cost of transporting these vegetables to what market there is. The business now is in the hands of the

Chinese and Japanese gardeners who supply the Oloa and Hilo markets. They have bought farms nearer the town and the cost of transportation is necessarily less. Such things as cabbages, potatoes, lettuce and the ordinary vegetables are not profitable. It is far better to grow only things in which there is no competition with Chinese and Japanese. But I do believe there is a chance for the small farmer in growing celery and cauliflower. These are two products which can be successfully cultivated and I have no doubt at present celery does remarkably well here, and is superior in quality to any in the world. It is tender and crisp and brings better prices than the stuff shipped in from the States. Cauliflower is the same and both can be grown successfully. The Volcano House grows enough for its own use and also supplies the Honolulu hotels.

"The cut worm does not attack either of these vegetables. The best time to plant any vegetable here is in February or March and it is matured by the end of May or middle of June, before the cut worm begins work.

"The olona, a native fiber, ought also to be profitable. I intend to undertake its cultivation myself. Samples of the fiber have been sent to Washington and Switzerland and tests made showed it to be the strongest in the world. The difficulty at present is in extracting the fiber but this I believe can be solved.

"There is a better market on the Coast for Hawaiian products than in Honolulu and the freights are also lower. By this I mean vegetables out of season there; and the steamer rates allow us to sell cauliflower and celery at a lower price on the Coast than in Honolulu.

"Eventually, I believe, small farming can be made a success only by specializing on some profitable commodity in which there is no competition local or otherwise."

L. M.

KITCHENS AND CHARACTER.

I am a grocer's delivery boy. Not quite so well dressed as the postman, but I know what is inside of what I deliver and he don't. Moreover, he goes to the front door only, while I not only go the back door, but have the entire, so to speak, of the kitchen. There's the place to see good housekeeping and—bad housekeeping. Why, I can tell the character of a family from the looks of the kitchen. Of course, where servants are kept every kitchen ought to be clean and neat—only they are not always. But I like best to deliver where there are no servants, says What to Eat.

There's Mrs. Martin—always seems to be in a stew, and I can hardly find a place to put a basket of berries. That, I guess, is the mustiest kitchen I go into, and the little Martin kids look like their mother's kitchen. Next door live the Sperrys, and what a difference? I never saw that kitchen untidy. Mrs. Sperry is a sweet, cheerful little woman with some pleasant words always, and two of the sweetest little girls, who seem as healthy and happy as they are clean and neat. Then, on the next block are the Lees. They are neat, too, and, though I don't expect it, still they often offer me something—a glass of cool lemonade, or a hot fine cake, or a sandwich. Why, I remember one stormy night last winter Mr. Lee insisted on my coming in and having a hot cup of coffee and a plate of pudding. I guess next day there was an extra package left among the Lee's groceries. They have no children, but Mr. Lee shows the kind, generous influence of his wife, and whenever I catch him at home I'm sure of a good cigar.

Then there is the Hart kitchen. It is positively filthy, and they have a servant, too. She's always kicking about something, as if she owned the place. I never see Mrs. Hart. She's probably too good to see the groceryman, but I hear her storming around upstairs and yelling at Maggie and the children. I get out of that place as quick as I can. The Lockwood's is another place where I like to deliver. They don't have much, but what they do have is the best, and their kitchen is as neat as wax.

I suppose the iceman could tell you more than I can about refrigerators, but I see the inside of a good many, and they are just like the kitchens. There are some that really ought to be reported to the health department, and then there are others that smell and look as sweet as a clean baby's cheek.

Speaking of babies and children, they are just like the kitchens every time. Dirty kitchen—cross baby, clean kitchen—good baby. They always go together, you may depend on it. I like children, too; have three at home, and there's a good hundred on my route who know me. Some of them get my bundles open before I can lay them on the tables. Some are as polite as their gentle mothers. I ain't looking for little angels, neither do I want to run up against a lot of rat terriers. Just a happy, healthy, hearty kid suits me.

"TICK" AND "TOCK."

A German psychologist has been exploding the well known theory that the "tick-tock" of a clock is purely subjective, and that in reality the two beats sound precisely alike. This has often been used as an illustration of the irresistible tendency of the mind to construct a rhythm, and the "tick" was supposed to seem different from the "tock," simply because it came on the down beat. But Dr. Rosenbach, of Berlin, after vainly consulting the clock-makers, set himself the problem to solve, and found that the action of the mechanism is such that the cogs of the escapement wheel do not strike the arms of the "anchor" in precisely the same way. "Tick" comes at the right, with the cog rising; "tock" at the left with the cog descending. The result is that "tick" is more sharply accentuated and of shorter duration while "tock" is higher in pitch. With this differentiation the source of the universally felt double rhythm is apparent. Yet it is none the less true that by an effort of the will the rhythm can be reversed, and the accent put on either beat at will, and with a little practice most people can hear the ticking in a triple-rhythm.

To hear her tell it, each woman has either the best husband in the world, or the worst. There are no degrees between.

THOMAS FITCH'S REVISED ESSAY ON R. G. INGERSOLL

(Continued from page 5.)

man, memory does not survive dissolution of the physical form, it does not follow that such will be the case with man. Because we can not recollect when we were oysters or apes it is not certain that our sublimer essences will not recollect when they were men. Unless conditions are similar and immutable it cannot be certainly said how far any existence may remember its previous existence, and the law of evolution is the law of change. No message has ever been brought from the realms of ether saying that our diviner selves leave their memories at the portals of the tomb, and it may well be claimed that man is that link in the chain of existences where the experiences of the previous life pass the ordeal of physical dissolution, and accompany the new life into its new conditions; that man is that link in the chain of existences where the mental life, the spiritual life, the consciousness of existence leaves its envelopment, its body, its late habitation, to dissolve into gases, the while it sails wandering but not forgetting into the dawn.

Surely there is no conflict between science and religion with respect to the after life, but rightly considered, each fits the other closely and harmoniously and it really requires less credulity to believe that we shall live consciously hereafter than to believe we have lived consciously heretofore.

It is the vexed and disappointed spirit that accepts the doctrine of annihilation. It is the man who "fears his fate too much" and who knows "that his deserts are small" who lays hold on annihilation. It is the sensualist who seeks for its gospel in the puerilities of science and finds nothing that can satisfy at last.

When a man dies we are able to reproduce his life and actions through the process of mental reckoning, which we call memory. Can it be logically claimed that the originating power goes into nothingness? Is it in the economy of the Universe that any power is irretrievably lost? Does not every force find form and energy in some of the processes of Nature and its laws? If it be true that God geometrizes, is it not also true that he dips his pen in infinitude to write the answer?

Take the human faculties and attributes, and find me in all the lexicons of bioplasm a formula to account for their origin or define their essence. What is Hope? It is the rustle of the wings of futurity against the walls of our prison house. What is Fear? It is only a retroactive condition without which Hope should beat its wings against futile air. What is Memory? It is a picture gallery of the brain, the photographs in which are lodged by "the light that never shone on sea or shore," and sensitized by the essential bromides of thought and feeling arising from the soul of man. What is Consciousness? It is the pulse of God—the telephone answering back the story of the eternities. What is Conscience? It is the toll house on the way to justification, a reminder that we are answerable to a law. What is Will? It is a helmsman self-constituted who yet steers with his eye forever fixed on the polar star of destiny. What are Intuitions? They are pickets on the outpost of reason. What is Aspiration? It is a finger board pointing upward to a state of perfectness to which there is no earthly road.

And are not aspirations, and intuitions, and will, and conscience, and consciousness, and memory, and hope, and fear, each as real and as answerable as a mathematical problem? And yet which of these conditions—the most common to humanity—finds its type or its predicate in matter? Can you put a padlock upon hope, or resolve fear by the use of acids? Can you tie up in a pocket handkerchief the promises, and the prophecies and the presentiments, which at one time or another, fall into every life?

Is there no longer any Ingersoll? Has that mighty intellect, which fed upon both the visible and the occult, which gathered wisdom alike from the leaves of books and the lips of humanity, which drew inspiration from the wash of seas, and the blaze of suns, and the glitter of stars, which voiced its knowledge with a sorcery that swayed the minds and souls of men, and carried them from earth to heaven with the passion of its entrancing music—is that mighty intellect no more? Has it gone out like the flame of a candle? Had it no existence separate from the once pulsing but now vanished mass of fibers and nerves and veins which contained it?

Often and again in the olden, golden days Ingersoll and I have discussed the Hereafter, and though we differed utterly we were always friends. In the midst of ologies and isms I am still dwelling in the darkness, still groping and hoping for the light, while he has learned it all. Maybe he has now ascertained that his earthly vision was distorted by his surroundings, and that Moses was not the only one who made mistakes.

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